

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Pretty Little Whores"

I'm like Jesus to you
Rapping to me is like breathing to you
In second nature but someone had to teach it to you
The flow is hard like a Roman statue
I'm in the zone like Tony Rome holdin' chrome go in the back you
You're goin' one on one with Vinnie Paz
A chubby ghini with a mini mag gimme' henny slimmy bag
And that's why AOTP is tied sick
Cuz ya'll, ya'll all overrated like Mike Vick
An ice pick through you're fuckin' frontal lobe
Jedi Mind and Outerspace about to run the globe
So you should be prepared cause' it's apocalyptic
I'll be the first one on the battlefield to cock a biscuit
You in on the statistic, just a motherfucking crab-rapper
Lyn' on the floor, why did I get stabbed, rapper?
And ya'll are old enough to see Pingeon
It's Vinnie Pazienza with my mother fuckin cousin DTOP

[?]

We don't aim to please; we in the squeeze just to break your knees
Leave you cryin' like a bitch if you don't take it ease
Leave you dyin' like the snitch just to quick the ease
(All the pretty little whores)
I'd expect numerous nights, movin the mics, adrenaline rush
Move to the left, move to the right
So much henny backstage I started losin' my sight

So don't run me up with no dumb shit
The fuel ignites, venomous spray, Sixteens headin' your way
And if I want you dead in June you surrender in May
Black guys and black moons when we enter the stage
These feral bones break forever and forever decay
The catacomb could pretend that this couldn't weather the storm
I'm in the zone, tough as leather where content is the swarm
If it's my home, it's whatever let the weapons be drawn
I let your dome be the center of a traitorous poan
Ya'll ain't close to clever so watch your words
Or ya'll goin' to be exposed forever as a knocked-out herb
Ya'll fake pussy pomes, ya'll got a lot of nerves
Open your mouths once again, you're gonna eat the curb
Fuck it

[?]

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(All the pretty little whores)
Outerspace

Ya'll are like bitches, I talk vicious
Your walk switches and everything you spit is foul
My shit's ridiculous nigga
Every word disturbed from the hood to the 'burbs
All my thoughts absurd
That's why we chalk up herbs
Every syllable makin' them pull their skirt up
Rhymes is like rims I poke 'em out into the curb up
Son, you better roll when I'm rappin'
Every [?] of straight bullet you bitches are straight tap dancin'
We get it crackin' like coke back in the '70s
It's 2005 nigga, crack open the hennas now
We allowed to say and do whatever
So whenever you want it bring it nigga, we do it better
And the reason that I know you a prostitute
You snitched, sold your soul and it wasn't for a lot of loot
I gotta boot and it fit in your ass
Truly you're as planetary, put your flags at half-mass

[?]

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